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CRIME OF THE TRAMP

By Leo Crane

It stood upon the banks of a gentle river, a fishing village of great modesty. The morning sun would toss its beauties out upon the waters of a mild lagoon. The roadways were of shells that had been pounded into powder of the whitest. Old fashioned cottages lined the streets, their porches festooned with climbing roses whose sweet scent wedded the lavish perfume of wandering honeysuckle and set forth to meet the fresh smell of the bay.

Upon the shore was a little shipyard all covered with chips and darkened driftwood. Rotting ways bathed their feet in the greenish water, and about them played the children they had given birth, a myriad of small boats upon the sleeping waves. One of these belonged to a higher caste than the others. There was a clean coat upon it, and proudly it rode to a well made mooring. When the breeze would swing it slowly, the old man seated upon a last stretch of the ways could read its name.

"Mary!" he commented slowly, removing the pipe from his mouth and puffing out a cloud of grayish smoke. Then, turning to a man close by, he asked:

"D'ye s'pose why 'tis named Mary?"

"He's sweet on Mary Harte," said the other without displaying a bit of interest in anything save the chip he was whittling.

"Oh!" remarked the old one, grinning to himself and sticking the pipe back into his mouth, proving a bit of sentiment could not lure him from the habit. "Yere he comes now."

"He's got his oars along," said the other, looking across the quiet space of water. "D'ye s'pose he's goin' out?"

"Reckon so, but 'tain't lookin' much out there on the bay. Gittin' a pesky fog up, I'm thinkin'." And the old man grunted at the foolishness of it. "Why in thunder don't he stay at home for onct? O' late he's out on that stream most o' his time."

"S'pose he wants to git married," suggested the companion, cutting a large section off the chip with a contemptuous flourish of the knife. "He's another one o' these danged fules. But these youngsters won't listen to no reason. There's that feller breakin' his back summer an' winter, sunshine an' bad weather, come better or worse, all so's he can scrape enough together to buy a peck o' trouble."

"I can't understand it," said the old man, smoking up on his pipe.

"Well, I can see through it in a way," admitted the whittler meditatively, "'cause when I was young an' necessarily foolish I had the same thing in mind fer quite a spell. But Hank Jordan—ye know Hank—well, he gotter ahead o' me an' married the woman. Then I says to myself, 'I'll see what's in this game,' says I. So, by jing, Hank starts in to make a livin' fer a fambly o' two, me havin' a quiet, peaceable time all the while, but 'fore he was through he was workin' like a plow horse in a muddy furrow, tryin' to swim with six kids' store bills on his back. The on'y things I had to owe fer durin' that same space o' time was my terbacker an' one shirt, 'cause, ye know, I'm not hard on clothes. But Hank Jordan bought enough clothes to cover a regiment, an' while they'd be showin' 'em in the street Hank'd be sittin' in the back yard, with a bit o' chalk an' a board, tryin' to figger out how to stave off the rent. I never could see the sense o' it. In the las' nine years I've on'y had the chilblains an' the quinsy, but Hank Jordan had everything from mumps to milk rash—not him, ye know, but them as he was mainly responsible fer."

The man across the way tossed a pair of oyster tongs down into the clean boat and whistled for a ragged looking dog playing about the town's edge. Then, with it beside him at the tiller, he ran up the small sail and steered out into the mist of the river marshes. An hour's run brought him over the ledges, where with a sounding splash the stone anchor was dropped, and down, down, down, went the hungry tongs for the first clutch. Down on the sandy ledges he hoped to find his happiness and wrench it from the bottom. There was a scissorslike motion of the long arms, a twisting, tearing, sucking grapple of the teeth; then up, up, up, came the swaying poles, the water trickling back over the hands that hauled, and with a noisy clatter the catch of grimy things was dumped into the boat's bottom, and so on through the long day, sometimes staring stupidly out over the gray shifting desert at a passing steamer slowly plodding up the channel or eying in silent wonder a yacht sweeping silently and swiftly by his little craft.

It was in the afternoon. The boat was half filled with muddy shells.

"Lemme see, Regs," said the man. "What's the date terday? The 10th? So it is. 'Tain't agoin' to be very long now, Regs." He slowly counted a number of deep scratches upon the thwart. Some of them were crossed over with a counter scratch. There were nine not tallied. He got out a knife and rudely crossed another. "Eight more days to wait," he muttered—"eight more days."

"Then won't there be a fine time, Regs?" he commenced gayly. The dog cocked his head sideways and whined an appreciation. "The whole village 'll talk o' it, an' the place 'll be fine. Goin' to have Sam Lawder's house—that new un—an' there'll be a sea scene over the door an' a raft o' curiosities on the mantel, 'sides rockin' chairs an' sofeys an' all that sort o' thing. But, say, Regs, derned if I ever see such a fog as is gittin' up." The man peered off into the dense yellow cloak that had shut down upon him silent and awesome. He pulled up the anchor and started to row home.

The dull, monotonous clang of a lighthouse bell came at intervals from somewhere. He knew not exactly where. He was getting bewildered in this smoky cloud of fog. Then he rested upon the oars, letting the boat drift, and listened intently for the mysterious note of the bell. It was farther off—it seemed so—and which way?

Suddenly a strange, humming noise reached him—wind or— He fished hurriedly into a side locker for a horn and sent two long, harsh blasts across the unknown waters. A loud, swishing sound could be heard, growing nearer, above a babble of impotent noise. A bell rang, and the hoarse cry of a siren brought him terror. About the boat were only the moving mass of cloudland and a few feet of lapping water—no heaven, no other thing but that, motionless, and the sobbing noise. The man screamed shrilly, feebly, "Aboard there!"

Then a great, dense shape loomed up out of the sea like a ruthless grasping hand to crush him. Immense, terrible, it towered a moment over the boat. There was a crunch of splintering wood, a weak excited bark of a frightened dog, a despairing wail from a man, and a white wave of foam dripped back from the beak of the monster. It passed on with a rushing roar, satisfied. A burst of clanging and clanking came from the silence and died away again. A belch of reddish fire lighted for an instant the yellow pall and then left it as before. The thing dissolved like a ghost in the mist. The waves churned for a moment a rag of canvas. Then everything disappeared, and the silence settled down as the quiet of eternity.

The whitecapped waves raced and tossed for a time, worrying some little bits of splintered wood. Then they began again the old, old chant, sighing mournfully in tune with the twilight breeze, slowly lifting the fog. Off in the distance a single point of light glimmered mistily, pointing the way home. The winds told the tale to the shores in the black watches of the night.

An old man who had once again claimed his seat by the rotting ways fished from the tossing lips of the water a bit of board.

"What's this?" he asked of another who occupied himself cutting a piece of chip. They examined it curiously together.

"Looks like the thwart o' a boat," said the man.

"Here—here! What's them marks?" pointing at a number of rude scratches in the wood.

"I dunno," said the other, slowly shaking his head in doubt. "Never saw them on a boat's thwart before. There's eight o' 'em not tallied. See! Wonder if that's got anything to do with it!"

Chosen by Proxy.

The man whose long suffering sister has always selected all his gifts for friends at Christmas, on birthdays and for weddings has recently passed through an experience which makes him feel that he must mend his ways.

Not long ago he went to pay a wedding call and expressed much admiration for the silver and china on the 5 o'clock tea table at which his pretty hostess was pouring tea.

"Which cup do you like best?" she asked him archly. "Tell me, and you shall have your tea in it."

He looked helplessly at her and then at the cups. "Oh, I don't know. I think that is the prettiest, perhaps," he said, indicating an eggshell cup.

"Your taste hasn't changed, then. That is the one you gave me when my engagement was announced," she said gayly. And he endeavored to appear comfortable, although he knew his face was growing red.

Later on, as he rose to go, his hostess said:

"What do you think of that picture over the mantel? I've seen you looking at it a number of times."

"I wasn't looking at that," said this luckless guest. "It's very fine, but I was looking at the smaller one on the left. It's a curious thing, isn't it? Yet there's a sort of charm about it."

"I fancied you thought so when you sent it to me for a wedding gift," said the bride.—Exchange.

An Autograph Copy.

The man who undertook to cross the continent "on the hurricane deck of a donkey" and earn his expenses as he went was sure to have experiences worth something to himself if not to any one else. He had photographs made of himself and the donkey. These he sold for 25 cents each. At Yonkers his purse was light, and his bills were heavy. He said:

I resolved to rise at dawn and sell enough pictures to pay my bills if I had to sell them at cost. I set to work. By 1 o'clock I had visited every shop, store and Chinese laundry and was talking hoarsely to a corner grocer, who sat on a keg of mackerel sampling limburger cheese. I offered a picture for 15 cents, but the reduction in price did not interest him.

"I vant not a picture at any price!" he declared.

"I lack 15 cents of the amount of my hotel bill," I urged. "I am in dire straits."

His reply was weak, but the cheese was strong enough to help him out. My mental magazine had but a single charge left, and I fired that.

"Isn't it worth 15 cents to know a fool when you see one?"

"Y-e-e-s, I dink it ees," answered the man, "and eef you vill write it on the picture I buy him."—Youth's Companion.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

By MARIE AVARY

The fresh sea breeze gave Acton Davis a saucy "good morning" as he sauntered out on the porch. It blew Betty Fagan's yellow curls auriole wise round her face. She looked up joyously.

"Lazybones, are you here at last?" she cried merrily. "I have been waiting for you for ever so long."

Davis sat down beside her on the step and looked at her with good humored tolerance as he said lightly, "What do you want this morning, child?"

The girl detected the superiority in his tone. A flush rose to her cheeks, and her voice had a plaintive ring as she said, "Children are so unreasonable and want so many things, don't they?" Then, with swift return to her former bantering: "These are my commands; so read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, as the prayer book puts it. I want you to promise to take me to Hazard rocks this afternoon."

A shade fell on the man's face. She went on hastily: "I've wanted to go all summer, and now summer is almost over. You promised you would take me if I was very, very good, and, oh, it will be so lovely to scramble along the shore and find long strands of strange seaweed and come upon unexpected pools full of jelly and star fish! Please take me. I will be good."

Her eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement as she bent toward him pleadingly.

The man hesitated as if fearful of paining her by a refusal. He seemed solely intent in watching the whitecaps in their mad race for the shore. Then he said brusquely: "No, I won't take you. I ought never to have promised, and so I take it back. You are quite too foolhardy to venture in so dangerous a place. You would be sure to fall on those treacherous, slimy rocks, and then there would be the devil to pay. If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

Betty's chin quivered like a child's, and the tears were shining through her long lashes.

Davis felt swift compunction for his hasty words. "I honestly don't think it's safe to take you, Betty, or I would. Promise to forget about it, and we will go for a sail on the Petrel or anywhere else at your pleasure. Come, show me that you can be a reasonable little girl."

Betty might not have resented his fatherly tone if a gay voice had not rung out behind her:

"What are you two fighting about, as usual? Give me an explanation." And she laughed rather maliciously. It was Mrs. Neville, the source of Betty's heartaches for the last weeks.

The girl rose impetuously. "I have nothing to explain," she said icily. "Mr. Davis can tell you what he pleases. It is nothing to me."

Davis looked after her with a frown of annoyance. It was really unpardonable for Betty to behave so rudely. She was too old for such childishness. It was quite true that they had quarreled almost constantly for the last weeks; he forgot that it was only since Mrs. Neville had appeared at the hotel.

The young widow sank back in a rocking chair with a little laugh. She looked unusually pretty this morning, and as the man looked at her admiringly his frown faded. The full blown rose was certainly more satisfying than the thorny bud.

Mrs. Neville met his glance by a well executed droop of her lashes. "Tell me all about it," she commanded playfully.

"Betty wanted me to take her to Hazard rocks," Davis explained. "And I would not take her because it is so dangerous a trip."

Mrs. Neville was all interest. The Hazard rocks! She had heard about them. Did people ever go there? And was it all very romantic and exciting? A look of daring flashed across her face. She bent forward and gazed straight into his eyes. "Will you take me there?" she asked softly.

Perhaps it was the glamour of her dark eyes, the intoxication of her warm breath on his cheek. The man grew white. His voice was low and tense as he answered, "Yes; I will take you."

Betty did not appear at lunch. Again Davis felt the strange pang of compunction as he missed her laughing chatter. He did not know that Mrs. Neville had met her in the hall and explained that, though the Hazard rocks were much too dangerous a place for children, it was quite permissible for grownups, and Acton had promised to take her.

The girl had drawn herself up to all the slim height of her eighteen years and turned away without a word.

Nor did he guess that when the two strolled away an hour later a pair of blue eyes watched them from behind the half shut blinds, while slow tears rolled down the pale cheeks.

The rest of the guests shortly departed for an afternoon's sail. So presently Betty crept down, a forlorn little figure. As the afternoon waned, bringing no signs of the two, a vague fear began to take possession of her. The tide had begun to turn. Could it be that they had failed to notice it? She recalled Acton's words with a thrill of fear. "If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Acton Davis was not enjoying his afternoon. The two had scrambled along the foot of the cliffs until they reached the half submerged pile of rocks bearing the name of Hazard. The man was gazing at the sea. He could not forget the glint of tears in Betty's eyes.

He turned suddenly to his companion with a reckless resolve to make the best of the matter. Something in the languorous depths of the dark eyes seemed to fire his blood. With a swift movement he caught her to him.

But as his lips met hers a wave of repulsion, sudden as unexplainable, made him start back. As he did so he heard the splash of water. A tiny wave was breaking at his very feet. The tide had risen.

With a cry of horror he sprang to a higher point of rock and looked desperately toward the path over which they had come. The waves were licking hungrily at the base of the cliff. Above the rock towered dark and trackless. They were caught in a deathtrap.

But he would not give up hope. Some fisher boat might be near. Again and again he sent his voice ringing out over the tossing waters.

As the last echoes died away he seemed to hear a faint answering halloo. Again his cry for help rang out; again came the nearing answer. A boat shot from behind the point. A single figure struggled with the oars. It was a girl—Betty.

It seemed an eternity before she ground the keel on the sand and he had lifted in the almost unconscious figure of his companion.

Then the two set to work at the oars. Many a time they had rowed for a prize, but this was a struggle with death. The tide was rising higher and storm clouds were gathering. If they could win past the point to the quiet waters of the bay, all would be well. If not— Mrs. Neville huddled in a heap in the stern watched their desperate efforts with fear dilated eyes.

One great pull, another, and they shot into the bay. They were saved!

As Betty ceased to feel the fierce current tugging at her oars she fell forward nervelessly.

She awoke to the dash of waters on her temples. The boat was drifting near the landing and Acton was pillowing her head on his arm. "I dared not stop rowing before, dear," he was saying humbly.

As he read the heaven of love in her violet eyes he drew her close and whispered, "You saved my life, my brave little girl, and I did not deserve it, for I have behaved like a brute." She put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly. There was a smile of perfect content on her face.

They had both forgotten Mrs. Neville, but she still huddled in the stern and looked longingly at the shore, too white and shaken to think of love or lovers.

A Reviewer's Protest.

We get accustomed to the pleasant little ways of novelists and are sometimes inclined to overlook minor solecisms when we remember that they are all part of a praiseworthy effort to please. But just now we feel called on to protest against a prevalent practice that tends to get on the reviewer's nerves. The danger of using such phrases as "Such things might happen in a novel, but not in real life," or "As they say in novels" should, one would think, be sufficiently apparent to writers of fiction. "If this were a novel," remarks an ingenious writer, "so and so might have occurred, but in a narrative of plain fact," etc. This sort of thing has, of course, the sole result of reminding the reader that he is reading a novel, and if he has been beguiled by the author into losing himself for a moment the effect is at once dispelled. Suppose Hamlet had taken the opportunity to remark to his mother in the closet scene, "After all, this is only a play, you know!" But the person who wrote under the name of Shakespeare practiced the art that hides art (some say the artist also), and he was far too wary to remind his audiences that he was imposing on their credulity.—London Post.

Gardening For an Invalid.

Several years ago I found myself too much of an invalid to be out in the garden sowing seeds and with no one at my service who in my opinion could be trusted to do it for me. A summer without flowers was too dreary a prospect to be contemplated.

I secured a half dozen wooden boxes about the size of common soap boxes and had them sawed so that they were each four inches deep. These boxes were so small that when filled with soil they could be easily lifted about. I had the boxes filled with soil from the garden, and now imagine my comfort as I sat at a table sowing my seeds! There were no cramped limbs and aching back, as was usually the case when I had sowed my seeds in the seed bed. I had that year as fine a display of annuals as I ever had when the seeds were sown in the garden, in spite of the fact that the weather did not get warm enough for it to be prudent for an invalid to sit on the ground to transplant them until between June 9 and 16.—Country Life In America.

The Cocksure Schoolboy.

Here are some examples of what the British schoolboy can do when he tries hard:

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster abbey."

"The sublime porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopence."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

ONE of CUPID'S WAYS

By Sarah Lindsay Coleman

The car that went to Overlook park was crowded; it usually was when there was a promise of a fine sunset.

Brooks gazed steadily from the window on the unpicturesque side of the car. Even when the passengers crowded to the other side to look into the valley far below them and at the mountains—mountains piled on top of mountains—he sat motionless.

As the Country club was passed he showed some interest.

It was Miss Hilderbrand's afternoon to pour tea there. Six months before, when Miss Hilderbrand had poured tea, Brooks sat on the clubhouse steps. The laughter of gay voices had drifted through the open windows to him. The club members seemed very gay. Brooks was a club member, but he was not gay.

An illness had sent him to the resort town to recuperate. Most of the hotel people belonged to the club, and he had joined. It seemed to him a good way to get rid of the time that hung so heavily on his hands.

But he didn't care for golf, he couldn't dance, he knew so little of the new books and the old pictures, the thousand and one things they talked about. He was an alien. Looking up, he saw Miss Hilderbrand on the step above him.

Miss Hilderbrand was the leader of the fashionables that ran the Country club. Her clothes were imitated, her speeches repeated.

Brooks had wondered that so reserved a woman could be as popular. He had noticed that the charm of distinction was in her high bred face, and then thought no more about her. Women were not much in his line either.

Miss Hilderbrand had smiled down on him and said that she wanted him to come in and drink tea with her. And when she smiled the question of her popularity was settled.

After that day Brooks became a real member of the club. The women left younger men to talk to him; the men slapped him on the back, invited him to drinks and voted him a fine old chap.

He began to enjoy the life and the new spirit of friendliness that pervaded the atmosphere. There was no more talk of leaving this circle of bright, pretty women and jolly fellows.

Brooks realized that he owed the change to Miss Hilderbrand. Once he asked her why she had taken him up, and she replied that she was sorry for lonely things.

Six months had made a new man of Brooks, and still he lingered.

People had come and gone, as they do at resort hotels, but Miss Hilderbrand had not gone.

The afternoon had again come for her to pour tea for the club members, but she had sent her excuses.

Johnston, a friend and fellow citizen of hers, said that she had gone on the mountain to be alone and get a grip on herself; that a telegram had brought her bad news.

The car climbed slowly.

Brooks hadn't the slightest idea what the trouble was nor what assistance he could render. There was but one desire in his honest heart, and that was to help her. How he would do it hadn't been revealed, but, with his usual directness, he had followed her to find out.

On the mountain top the band played, and gay groups of people moved in every direction.

Brooks came upon Miss Hilderbrand, solitary in the midst of the crowd. The glow of the sunset was on her, and as he came up she smiled unsteadily.

"I'm sorry you've heard it. I leave tomorrow. I hoped it would not be found out, but of course everybody will know."

"I'm not everybody," said Brooks stoutly. "I came because I want to comfort lonely things. What can I do?"

Miss Hilderbrand's glance went over Brooks' stout figure and came back to his clear eyes. The two faces were in sharp contrast—in his the rugged strength of a more simple civilization; in the girl's the suggestion of extreme culture.

"I'm glad you came," she said quite simply. "I'll like to remember it when I've become a dressmaker. That's what I've been up here deciding—what to do with myself now that the money's swept away. Dressmaking is my only real talent, and," with another attempt at a smile, "I'm thought to be such an accomplished young woman."

"But there's McAdoo," Brooks spoke that name with difficulty. Among the men there was one he detested, and it was Miss Hilderbrand's fiance. "Haven't you taken him into your arrangements?"

"He hasn't taken me into his arrangements," she said.

Brooks stared at her as though he had lost his senses.

"I've been jilted." She looked across the valleys filling with mist and not at Brooks.

"Habits are hard to break." She spoke to herself as much as to him. "It had gone on so long it was a habit. If we had cared for each other, we would have been married long ago."

She turned to Brooks. "But it hurts one's pride to be thrown overboard on the day one loses the money," she said. "I'm depressed at the dressmaking, too," she apologized.

"How'd a companion do?" asked Brooks cautiously.

"Not at all," said the girl. "I've a mean temper."

"The old person has the disposition of a cherub."

"I can't read and I sing abominably."

"'Twouldn't be required."

"What would?"

"Whatever pleased you."

"But," half petulantly, "I don't like old ladies."

"This is an old gentleman."

"'Twouldn't do; highly improper."

"Oh, yes it would! It's eminently respectable." Brooks got to his feet and began speaking rapidly.

"Look here," he said, "I know you don't care for me, but you are the finest girl I ever saw. I'm too old to learn all love's little tricks, but you won't expect much foolishness. I never had time for it when I was a youngster, and I can't promise much as a lover, but I can make your life easier and leave you a respectable pile of money at my death."

"And what would you gain?" Miss Hilderbrand asked the question when the silence had become audible. She had paled perceptibly.

"The right to make you happy," said Brooks.

The girl was silent. Her critical eyes saw Brooks, who was neither young nor handsome, at his best.

"Don't you think I wouldn't gain anything?" said the man. The silence was making him anxious.

"But you couldn't love me," plaintively. "You think love nonsense, and women need it."

Brooks got possession of a hand not far away. "I could learn," he protested ardently.

"And everybody would say I married you for your money."

"Let 'em!" stoutly. "A lot of old gossips!"

Miss Hilderbrand drew her hand away.

"I couldn't consider it," she said. A certain mischief that was new to her was in her averted face. "I've just been jilted, and I would be so lonely while you were learning."

Brooks slipped his arm about her. They were away from the people, and, anyway, it didn't matter. He turned her face to meet his eager one.

"I don't have to learn. It's come to me. You shan't say 'No!' Why, I love you like—like fury!" His voice thrilled with his earnestness.

The girl laughed contentedly.

"You are a nice old gentleman," she said, "even if you are forty. I haven't been asked about it, and I guess I shouldn't say so, but I'm awfully fond of you."

The Antiquity of the Cat.

It seems hard to believe that during all the long ages which passed between the dawn of civilization and the Christian era the Romans and Greeks should have been ignorant of the most familiar pet of our homes, the common cat. Yet no fact seems established more clearly than this. Hahn in his "Wanderings of Plants and Animals" insisted upon it, and it has since been established by the united efforts of scholars and zoologists. We know now that our domestic favorite—with its winning, coy ways, uneasy when removed from man's society and yet never completely trusting it, with its mysterious old world air—was unknown to the chief nations of antiquity till after the Christian era.

It was the patient and gifted nation of the Nile valley that built the hall of columns at Karnak and that reared such colossal statues as that of Rameses II. at Memphis, not to speak of the pyramids, that first tamed the cat. Hereditary antipathy as deep as that which reigns between the feline race and mankind does not die out in a generation. Countless years and many dynasties must have passed ere the wildest members of creation became the most faithful servants of mankind. In Egypt we know that cats were regarded with veneration and embalmed and buried after their death.—London Academy.

He Wrote Books.

An English novelist tells an experience of a literary friend who went to the country in order to take a house on a farm. He saw the farmer and conducted the preliminary negotiations with perfect satisfaction to both sides. Presently he asked, "Would you like some references?" "No, no," said the farmer genially. "You are a gentleman. I can see straightforwardness written across your face. Don't bother about the references. I expect you want to get back to your business in the city." The friend mentioned that he had no business in the city. "Oh, then," said the farmer, "I suppose you have business outside the city." "No," he replied. "I am an author." "What!" cried the farmer. "Not an author that writes books?" Yes, he admitted that he had written books. A look of doubt crept over the honest farmer's face. "Well, well," he said, "to turn back to the business we were talking about, I think, after all, mister, I'll have to trouble you for a couple of them references."

Tricks of Language.

Cunning in the use of language to give false impressions is a Yankee trick celebrated in song and story. Many instances of its use come to light in the testimony given in courts. An illustration of such dishonest craftiness is related by a Maine gentleman. A man came to him wanting him to buy a share in a country lottery in which the principal prize was a horse. "I'll take one," he said, "if you'll warrant me I shall draw the horse." "Oh, yes," said the seller glibly, pocketing the cash. "I'll warrant you to get the horse." The horse went in another direction, and the ticket holder, meeting the seller, said jokingly, "I thought you warranted me to draw that horse." "Oh, no," said the other shrewdly; "I did not say warrant, but want. I said I wanted you to get the horse, and I did."